

Meigs County Telegraph.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL--DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

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T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things--Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor
at Law, Pomroy, O. Office in the Court House.

HANNA & EARIHART, Attorneys at
Law, Pomroy, O. All business entrusted to them
will receive prompt attention. 1-1

THOMAS CARLETON, Attorney and
Counselor at Law, Office, Third Street, opposite
the Court House. All business entrusted to him
will receive prompt attention. 1-1

W. E. CONSTABLE, and R. A. CONSTABLE,
in the firm of CONSTABLE &
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the State Courts of Ohio and in the U. S. Circuit
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A. S. PATRICK, Physician and Surgeon,
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DANIEL & RATHBURN, Bankers,
Bank Street, Pomroy, O. Collections
made and promptly remitted. 1-1

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will receive prompt attention. 1-1

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East side of C Street, three doors above the
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W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware
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Stewart, Proprietor, has been recently rebuilt,
and is now prepared to do good work promptly. 1-1

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constant operation. Plans, weather-board-
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Articles, Court Street, below the new Banking
House, Pomroy, O. Repairs and makes
carefully repaired on short notice. 1-1

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jew-
eler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches,
Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, below
the Remington House, Pomroy, O. Particular
attention paid to repairing all articles. 1-1

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T. WHITEHEAD, Manufacturer of Boots
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rier, Butter Street, (on Sugar Run), Pomroy,
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POMEROY Rolling-Mill Co. have con-
stantly on hand and for sale a superior
quality of iron of all sizes. Orders promptly ex-
ecuted, by application to the Agents, the Meigs Co-
mpany, at P. O. Box 10, Cincinnati, Ohio. 1-1

COALPORT Salt Company, Office in
Cooper's Building, Coalport, O. Salt for Country
Trade. Retail, three-fifths cents per bushel. 1-1

SUGAR-KUN Salt Company, Salt twenty-
five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace.
1-1

POMEROY Salt Company, Salt thirty-
five cents per bushel, for Country Trade. 1-1

DABNEY Salt Company, Coalport, Salt
thirty-five cents per bushel, for country trade. 1-1

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his
new building, back of the Bank building, Pomroy,
Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed
with neatness and dispatch. 1-1

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F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back
room of P. Lambecht's Jewelry Store, west side
Court Street, Pomroy, O. 1-1

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JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and
Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three doors be-
low Court, Pomroy, with carriage and harness dis-
patch given in the nearest style. 1-1

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness
Maker, Shop over Black and Rathburn's store,
Ratland, O. 1-1

WAGON MAKING.

PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mul-
berry Street, west side, three doors back, Street,
Pomroy, Ohio. Makes and repairs Wagons, Bu-
gies, Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short
notice. 1-1

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist,
Barnes's Building, East side, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the
profession promptly performed. Ladies waited
upon at their residence, if desired. 1-1

Poetry.

"ONLY A YEAR."

[These tender and beautiful lines, from the pen of
Mrs. Stowe, refer, we presume, to the melancholy
death by drowning, about a year since, of her son,
young Stephen, of fine character and promise.]

One year ago--a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And a face of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year--no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Far but to die!

One year ago--what loves, what schemes,
Fair into life!
What hopes, what joys, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The buried stone--
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year--one year--one little year,
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
About that head--
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Remains to grieve.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Since thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Tis sad to see--
The mystic veil when shall it fall
And thou mayest see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
But present still,
Awaiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Savior dear,
When wilt thou silence thy feet
This sad, sad year?

Miscellany.

THE VILLAGE BRAVO.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Nearly every country village has its
"bravo." We do not mean "An Assas-
sin," nor "A man who murders for hire,"
as Worcester explains the word; but we
mean the one man before whom all others
must give way--the man who can "whip
anybody in the town"--the great, big
animal, who thinks his position enviable,
and who is envied by men with little bodies
and little brains.

Our village had its bravo, at all events;
and a perfect type of his class he was, too.
His name was Jonathan Burke, though I
never heard him called Jonathan but once,
and that was before a justice's court. Jack
Burke was his name, "the world over," as
he often said. He was a big, burly fel-
low, six feet and two inches tall; with
broad, massive shoulders, great, long
arms; and a head like a small pumpkin.

His face was characteristic. A low, re-
ceding forehead; small, pug nose; thick,
heavy lips; and a broad, deep chin. His
eyes were of a light gray, verging upon a
cat-like green, while his hair, which was
coarse and crisp, was of a burnt, sun-dried
color, neither red nor flaxen, nor yet of a
dark hue. The only feature in the whole
man which tended to detract from his her-
culean proportions was the flat, or rather
concave, appearance of his breast. To one
skilled in anatomy, or physiology, it would
have been at once apparent that he had
but little of what is generally denominated
"bottom," and that a long continued phys-
ical effort would have reduced his "wind"
to a weak point.

Jack Burke was born and reared in our
village, and ever since he had begun to go
to school he had been the terror of all un-
lucky wights who chanced to cross his
path. He beat his companions with a su-
periority, and took delight in being feared.
As he grew older, he became more inso-
lent and overbearing; and at the time of
which we write he was disliked by all the
decent people of the place. His voice was
loud and coarse, and it broke in upon all
circles which he gathered near him.

And then this bravo did not possess that
spirit of generosity usually betrayed by
those who happen to be giants in size and
strength. He was, on the contrary, low
and mean, taking delight in tormenting
the weak, and even laying out his full
strength upon those not half his size. In
short, he was a coward as well as a bravo.
He forced himself upon all our little
gatherings, and seemed to take delight in
talking about and realizing that none of
us could "put him out." He was now
twenty-two, and was fast forgetting all of
the useful knowledge he had ever gained
at school.

Among the recent accessions to the
population of our village was a young
doctor, named William Granby. He was
a small, pale-looking man, not over five
feet and ten inches in height, and quite
slim in frame; but the man who studied
him closely would have seen that his
paleness was the result of long confine-
ment over his studies, and was more after
all, a delicate fairness of the skin than a
want of health. And it would also have
been seen that his slight frame was a very
muscular one, and most admirably
molded for his purpose.

William Granby was what the girls of
our village called a handsome man, and
none of the youth envied him the flattering
epithets he received from the female
portion of our community, for as we be-
came acquainted we loved him for the
manly and generous qualities we found in
him. He was a warm friend, and a noble
opponent.

And Granby had proved himself an ex-
cellent physician, too; and though he had
been in our village but a year and a month,
yet the confidence reposed in his skill was
far greater than had been reposed in the
ancient blither and phlebotomist who
preceded him.

One day some of us went into his study
--he was unmarried, but being only three-

and twenty, of course not a bachelor--we
were invited in as we walked down by his
boarding place, and were pleased to accept
the invitation. His study was a gem of a
place for comfort, and among the articles
notably necessary for the study of his
profession we detected a rifle, a set of
boxing gloves, a pair of fiddle, a pair of
heavy wooden broadsword, while upon
the floor, were a pair of dumb bells. I
wondered what these latter were for--
surely not for the doctor's use, for I could
do nothing with them, save to hold them
in my hands, and swing them about at an
angle of some forty-five degrees, and I was
much heavier than he was.

I asked him what he did with them.
"Oh," he said, smiling, "I exercise my
muscles with them; and as he spoke he
took them up and raised them at arm's
length, and there held them for some mo-
ments, his fine breast rounded out like a
Roman cuirass. Then he threw them up,
and out, and around, handling them as
though they had been mere toys. It
seemed impossible that so small a body
could contain so much strength, but he as-
sured us that he had gained it all by prac-
tice. He had labored for years to develop
a muscular system, in which he had been
lacking when a child. And he also said
that by keeping his muscles well hardened
and developed, he was better able to bear
the fatigue of his profession, which called
him from his rest often for several nights
in succession.

We were making arrangements for a
grand picnic in our village. The girls
were making pies and cakes of all sorts
and shapes, while the youths were pre-
paring two tables, and clearing up the grove
which was just outside the village, on the
bank of the river.

The day at length came, and the sun
smiled from a cloudless sky, and a fresh
breeze came sweeping up the river bearing
a grateful coolness upon its bosom. We
reached the ground in due season, and
only one thing came to mar the pleasures
of the occasion. Jack Burke made his
appearance upon the ground, in a shabby,
dirty suit, and with an insolent swagger.
A chill ran through the whole crowd--
Many of us would gladly have helped put
him away, but we shrank from meddling
with one who was so strong and gigantic,
and withal, so reckless and merciless in
his wrath. We saw the thin, delicate lips
of the doctor quivering as he noticed the
fellow swaggering about, but he said nothing.

One of our party was a youth named
David Singleton. He was a quiet, good-
hearted fellow, and beloved by all. He
had waited upon Mary Livingston to the
picnic. Mary was a pretty, blue-eyed
maiden of eighteen, and that she loved
David right fondly, we all knew just as
well as we knew that David loved her.

It so happened that Jack Burke had
offered, on several occasions, to wait upon
Mary, and she had as often peremptorily
refused him. He had professed to like
her, and had made his boast that he would
have her yet, and that "David Singleton
dared to put his arm in the way, he'd drop
him!"

On the present occasion Jack was not
long in seeking Mary's side. David was
nervous and uneasy. He was a light,
small-framed youth, and looked with dread
upon the giant who sought to annoy both
him and his fair companion.

Mary asked Burke to go away; and as
she spoke she turned shuddering from him.
"I shan't go away," the burly brute re-
turned. "If you don't like it you may
jump it."

"Come, Mary," said young Singleton,
trembling, "let's leave him."
"You will, eh?" cried Burke, seizing
Mary by the arm, and drawing her back.
The affrighted girl uttered a quick cry
of alarm, and Singleton started to his feet,
quivering at every point.

"Miserable brute!" he exclaimed, "let
her go!"
In an instant Burke leaped up, and
swore to "whip the youngster to within
an inch of his life!"

In an instant all was alarm and confu-
sion; but in the midst of the clamor arose
a clear, clarion voice--
"Stand back! Stand back every one
of you! Back, I say--and give me
room!"

The way was quickly cleared, and the
young doctor leaped into the open space,
his bright eye burning keenly; his face
flushed, and his slight, handsome frame
erect and stern.

"Fellow!" he thundered, "leave this
place! Take your full presence hence at
once! Do you understand? What a
miserable coward, to insult a girl! Shame!
Shame! But go! go!"

For a few moments Burke was com-
pletely dumfounded. There was some-
thing in the tones and bearing of the man
before him, and in the strangely burning
eyes that beamed upon him, that awed him
for the while. But he measured every-
thing by its weight and size, and the
courage of the brute came back to him.

"Who are you?" was his first remark
at the same time shaking his bullet-head
threateningly.

"I am the man who ordered you to
leave this place! Your presence is very
offensive. You were not invited, and if
you had any decency you would not be
here!"

"Look here, my fine dandy!" bellowed
the brute, "just you say I ain't decent
again, and I'll spit that lady-like face of
yours, almighty quick!"

There was a quite smile upon the doc-
tor's face as he replied--
"Your very course now shows that you
are devoid of all decency. A decent man
would not say where he knew his presence
was offensive!"

With a fierce oath Burke raised his huge
fists and darted forward. We would

interfere, but Granby sternly
us back. Still we were fearful.
What could the small, gentlemanly physi-
cian do against a giant?

But we were not undaunted. Upon
Burke's first advance, Granby nimbly
slipped on one side, and with a quick mo-
tion of his foot caught the giant's toes,
and sent him all headlong upon the ground.
Like a mad bull Burke sprang to his feet,
and while the curses showered from his
lips, started upon Granby, as though he
could annihilate him at once. Calm and
serene the young doctor stood, and as the
brute came up he adroitly raised his left
elbow, and pressed the huge, daisy-fist over
his shoulder, and at the same moment
he planted his own fist full upon Burke's
face with a blow that knocked him com-
pletely from his feet. That blow sounded
like the crack of a pistol, and was struck
by a man who brought down to his feet,
and with the best advantage wherever he
wished to use it.

Jonathan Burke arose like one bewil-
dered, and so he was. But in a few
moments he recovered his senses, and
leaped towards Granby again. This time
the doctor performed a feat that was as
surprising as it was effective. Like a thing
of steel wire and finely tempered springs,
he jumped up and forward, planting both
his feet upon the giant's breast. Burke
fell like a log; but his breast was heavily
bound, and he was soon on his feet again.

"Look ye," cried Granby, sternly, "you
have seen enough of me to know that I am
not to be trifled with. Now go away, and
you shall go unharmed, save that one
black eye. But if you trouble me more I
shall most assuredly hurt you! I have
given you warning."

"I'll lick ye afore I go; if I don't--"
We will simply add that the remainder
of this sentence was composed of fearful
oaths, and that, while they yet quivered
upon his lips, he clenched his fists and
darted forward.

This time the doctor received him in a
new fashion. He stopped every blow
which Burke madly and clumsily aimed at
him, and began to rattle in a shower of
knocks upon his face and head, and breast,
and arms, and body, that soon completely
bewildered him. On they came--heavier
and heavier--thicker and faster--each one
cracking like a pistol, and planted exactly
where it was aimed. In a very short time
Burke was not only entirely exhausted, but
his whole body, above the waist, was
beaten till the flesh was black and con-
tused. He bellowed like a calf for mercy.

"Will you leave the ground at once?"
demanded the doctor.

"Yes."
"And will you promise never to annoy
Mary Livingston again?"
"Yes."
"Then go!"

Like a whipped cur, as he was, the
fellow left the ground, and when he was
gone the young doctor, who had not even
got a scratch, cried out in a ringing,
happy tone--
"Come, boys and girls, now to sport,
I'll go and wash my hands, and then join
you."

Ere long the cloud was gone, and the
day ended amid cheers and smiles, and
happy songs. Everybody might have
been jealous had everybody wanted to,
for everybody's girl flirted and made love
to the doctor all day long, but everybody
loved him and honored him, so everybody
was not jealous.

Within a week Jonathan Burke left our
village, never to return again. He couldn't
stand the sneers and gibes that were cast
upon him, nor could he bear to see those
who had witnessed the summary punish-
ment he received. He had professed to like
our village when he left it, and the
doctor never gave a more effective nor a
more valuable purge than he did when he
purged the place of that incubus.

One thing more: Within a week every
young man in our village had a pair of
dumb-bells, and such another swinging,
and dinging, ringing, and flinging of cold
iron for the development of muscle was
never seen before nor since, I venture boldly
to assert.

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME--There are
few families, we imagine, anywhere, in
which love is not abused as furnishing the
license for impoliteness. A husband,
father or brother, will speak harsh words
to those whom he loves best, simply be-
cause the security of love and family pride
keeps him from resisting his head broken.
It is a shame that a man will speak more
impolitely at times, to his wife or sister,
than he would to any other female, ex-
cepting a low and vicious one. It is thus
that the honest affections of a man's nature
prove to be weaker protection to a woman
in the family circle than the restraints of
society, and that a woman is usually in-
debted for the kindest politeness of life to
those not belonging to their own household.

Things ought not to be so. The man who,
because it will not be resented, inflicts his
spleen and bad temper upon those of his
own household--is a small coward, and a
very mean man. Kind words are cir-
culating mediums between true gentlemen
and ladies at home, and no polish ex-
hibited in society can atone for the harsh
language and disrespectful treatment too
often indulged in by those bound together
by God's own ties of blood, and still more
sacred bonds of conjugal love.

One of the most amusing applica-
tions of a provincialism we have ever heard
of, was that of a Southerner, who explained
his own in addition, thus--
"Add up the first column, set down the
units and tote the tens to the next column."

Mr. Jim Snicks put everything to use.
He has a bald head, and he straps
his razor on it--the scamp.

Communicated.

Sentiments of Eminent Revolutary Statesmen upon Negro Slavery; as re- gards its Wrongs, and violations of Hu- man Rights; as a source of National Weakness; and as to its final extinction or abolition.

NO. 1--CONTINUED.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF MEIGS COUNTY:

We pass to North Carolina, another of
the "original thirteen," and which was
then as now, a slaveholding State. In
order to give a fair view of the question,
we are compelled to quote the whole of
the debate, in the North Carolina Con-
vention, called to ratify the National Con-
stitution, on the clause preventing Congress
from prohibiting the slave trade, prior to
the year 1803. It runs thus: 1st clause
of the 9th section reads:

"M. G. McDowell wished to hear the
reasons of this restriction. Mr. Spright
(who was a delegate to the Constitutional
Convention) answered, that there was a
contest between the Northern and Southern
States; that the Southern States, whose
principal support depended on the labor of
slaves would not consent to the desire of
the Northern States to exclude the im-
portation of slaves absolutely; that South
Carolina and Georgia insisted on this
clause, as they were now in want of hands
to cultivate their lands; that in the course
of twenty years, they would be fully sup-
plied; that the trade would be abolished
then, and that, in the meantime, some tax
or duty might be laid on them."

Mr. McDowell replied, that explanation
was just such as he expected, and by no
means satisfactory to him, and that he
looked upon it as a very objectionable part
of the system.

Mr. Iredell, (afterwards Judge of the
Supreme Court, of the United States):

Mr. Chairman: I rise to express senti-
ments similar to those of the gentleman
from Croven. For my part, were it prac-
ticable to put an end to the importation of
slaves immediately, it would give me the
greatest pleasure; for it certainly is a
trade utterly inconsistent with the rights of
humanity, and under which great cruelties
have been exercised. When the en-
tire abolition of slavery takes place, it will
be an event which must be pleasing to
every generous mind and every friend of
human nature; but we often wish for
things which are not attainable. It was
the wish of a great majority of the Con-
vention to put an end to the trade im-
mediately; but the States of North Carolina
and Georgia would not agree to it. Con-
sider, then, what would be the difference
between our present situation in this re-
spect, if we do not agree to the Constitu-
tion, and what it will be if we do agree to
it. If we do not agree to it, do we remedy
the evil? No, sir, we do not. For if the
Constitution be not adopted, it will be in
the power of every State to continue it
forever. They may or may not abolish it
at their discretion. But if we adopt the
Constitution, the trade must cease after
twenty years, if Congress declare so,
whether particular States please or not;
surely, then, we gain by it. This was the
utmost that could be obtained. I heartily
wish more could have been done. But as
it is, this Government is nobly distin-
guished above others by that very pro-
vision. Where is there another country
in which such a restriction prevails? We,
therefore, sir, set an example of humanity,
by providing for the abolition of this in-
human traffic, though at a distant period.
I hope, therefore, that this part of the
Constitution will not be condemned be-
cause it has not stipulated for what was
impracticable to obtain.

Mr. Spright further explained the clause:
That the limitation of this trade to the
term of twenty years was a compromise
between the Eastern States and the South-
ern States. South Carolina and Georgia
wished to extend the term. The Eastern
States insisted on the entire abolition of
the slave-trade. That the State of North
Carolina had not thought proper to pass
any law prohibiting the importation of
slaves, and therefore its delegation in the
Convention did not think themselves au-
thorized to contend for an immediate pro-
hibition of it.

Mr. Iredell added to what he had said
before, that the States of Georgia and
South Carolina had lost a great many
slaves during the war, and that they wished
to supply the loss.

Mr. Galloway--Mr. Chairman: The ex-
planation given to this clause, does not
satisfy my mind. I wish to see this abomi-
nable trade put an end to. But in case it
be thought proper to continue this abomi-
nable traffic for twenty years, yet I do not
wish to see the tax on the importation ex-
tended to all persons whatever. Our situ-
ation is different from the people of the
North. We want citizens; they do not.

Instead of laying a tax, we ought to give
a bounty to encourage foreigners to come
among us. With respect to the abolition
of slavery, it requires the utmost consid-
eration. The property of the Southern
States consists principally of slaves. If
they mean to do away slavery altogether,
this property will be destroyed. I appre-
hend it means to bring forward manum-
mission. If we must manumit our slaves,
what country shall we send them to? It
is impossible for us to be happy, if, after
manumission, they are to stay among us.

Mr. Iredell--Mr. Chairman: The
worthy gentleman, I believe, has mis-
understood this clause, which runs in the
following words: The migration or